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Vol.5, No.14

The City Is Our Campus 13 April 1972

# The GLOBE

THE GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE  
OF APPLIED ARTS & TECHNOLOGY  
ARCHIVES

## MOTHER BELL IS ALIVE & WELL

Last year my "business experience week for counsellors" found me in Noranda, Quebec, the guest of Noranda Mines Ltd., going underground in a mine for the first time, a very interesting trip. This year I drew Bell Canada here in Toronto—Good God! this will be a drag for sure.

Not so! Mother Bell still exists—and seems very much alive and this includes the people who work for her. And a week spent with Bell Canada proved to be very stimulating and interesting experience.

Mother Bell still looks after you but she expects something in return. Great emphasis is placed upon dependability—attendance is particularly stressed—and self-development. If an employee feels losing a day's pay is satisfactory compensation for being absent he is soon set straight on this. Perhaps for owners, he might be asked: "Who is going to do your work, when you are not here?" and he very quickly learns that the Bell is quite willing to pay but does expect you to be there.

Self development in the Bell goes hand in glove with their policy of promotion from within. People must be able to learn and grow if this policy is to be a success and it obviously has been.

For self-development the Bell has a policy of not leaving people around on any one job too long—two years is considered long enough though current economic conditions have somewhat changed this. People are inclined to hang on to a good job these days and, for the Bell's policy to be effective, it does depend upon a higher level of mobility in the labour force than we are experiencing today.

Of course, too, in certain skills, such as the installer of telephones and equipment, a man might be on the job for many years. But the job itself would be changing and he would be constantly encountering new equipment and facilities in his role; in other words he would be encountering new challenges.

Perhaps Mother Bell's role as an educator proved the greatest surprise. The Bell is probably the best school out of school in Canada and elsewhere. And, in terms of efficiency, net learning and student morale, education, (public, that is), has a lot to learn from the Bell. The Bell seems to have a very clear idea of what their training program is all about—the results have to be needed—again this is in sharp contrast to public education. Witness the fog and mist generated by the Wright Commission. Bell training is definitely vocationally-oriented and any fat in the program is trimmed off. However an employee is encouraged to take further training on his own and the Bell material assists him by paying 75% of the cost of any course he takes. Almost any kind of educational program that can be included under the umbrella of self-development is accepted; basketball is not included!

As an educator the Bell commits rank heresy; career teachers and instructors do not exist. People are brought in off the job to train other people, again for that two-year span. Then back to the shop for regular duties and no chance to lose touch with what takes place in the real world. Methodology is up to date too. The lecture is rapidly disappearing; to the fore are individual program instruction and case methods.

Employees that we met during the week spoke at least favourably about Bell training to expressions of great enthusiasm. In addition two new Bell salesmen (one a business diploma graduate from a community college, the other a business administration graduate from a university) pronounced working for the Bell was the best business training they could get. In fact we suspect it is so good that these two gentlemen may not be around the Bell indefinitely but off to greener pastures.

This of course worries the Bell. They might transfer people, let us say installers, to their sales force. But their experience has been something less satisfactory; they have done better with college and university graduates fresh out of business programs. However these have an alarming habit of pushing on. But then perhaps this is the price the Bell must pay for its size and monopoly position. In order to ensure a satisfactory measure of motivation and manpower output, Mother Bell must expect a spill-over to companies less able and equipped to develop these useful qualities.

In any event Mother Bell looks as if she has taken care of her long established reputation of being a good company to work for.

more on page 5

## GERRY ALLEN RETIRES



GERALD ALLEN PRINCIPAL OF KEELE CAMPUS HAS  
ANNOUNCED HIS RETIREMENT EFFECTIVE JUNE 30, 1972

How do you describe forty-five years of dedicated service in education? How do you list the accomplishments and contributions of a man such as Gerry Allen in a brief biographical sketch? It is anything but easy even though there is a compulsion to let everyone know about him.

Gerry started his teaching career in 1927 after having obtained his Senior Matriculation in Halton County and his professional certificate from the old Toronto Normal School. Forty-five years later after having served as teacher, department head, vice principal and principal for the Toronto Board of Education and latterly George Brown College, he has decided to terminate his full time career in education. It would be misleading and foolhardy to use the word "retirement" when speaking of Gerry Allen. In leaving us at George Brown College he will now direct his interests, abilities and great energies in other directions.

It is of interest to note that in addition to full-time daily employment in education for the institutions in which he worked he found time to teach night school—twice weekly—for thirty-six years. This was only a small impediment for him in satisfying his many interests which included:

- 32 years as a Cadet Instructor at Jarvis Collegiate.

- 30 years as treasurer of the Toronto Secondary School Athletic Association.
- 3 years as President of the Ontario Education Assoc.
- 6 years on the executive of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation.

There are many other organizations and endeavours in which he was involved but the above sampling provides an idea of his diversity of interests.

For the average person it would seem that little time was available for other interests. Such has not been the case for Gerry Allen. He is a golfer who shoots in the low eighties; a curter of note with the Leaside Curling Club; an avid baseball and football fan; a respected opponent at the bridge table; a considerate and indulgent father and husband.

Gerry Allen is a man of many parts and "Mr. Jarvis Collegiate" because of his many years at that school, he may well be called, "Mr. Keele Campus" by the many students who have been privileged to know him during his years at that institution.

We wish Gerry Godspeed in his new venture, we cannot call it retirement, and sincerely hope that he and his lovely wife Isabel will have many years of pleasure and good fortune in the future. They have earned it together.

gordon armstrong

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FRY HEADS COLLEGE

The President is please to announce the Appointment of W.C. Frye as Principal of the College Campus. In this position he will continue to carry the responsibilities of Campus Registrar.

Bill joined the staff of the Adult Education Centre, Bloor street, as an instructor in 1965. In 1966 he was appointed Assistant to the Principal at the College Street, Adult Education Centre, and was appointed Registrar of the College Campus in September 1969.

Prior to this Bill was an instructor in the RCAF and a teacher at the Gravenhurst District High School. He is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario.

### CHANGES AT BLOOR

Bloor Campus has become a place of change. In the past few weeks Henry Matthews has taken his ESL evening program staff and students to College Campus. ESL staff members who accompanied Henry on the move were Betty Cannella, Mary Harris, Heather McClure and Shu King Kong. Also making the move to College Campus were Bill Farquhar, night registrar, Judy Hadda and Teresa Vojsk of the nursing staff.

Jim Turner, Director of Student Activities, has moved up to 500 MacPherson Ave and accompanying him on this move were Mrs. Marks, Student Awards Officer, and her staff.

Earl Davidson has moved to Teraville Campus to assist Brad Webb, Academic Chairman, in curriculum development and Helen Naphine as well to be secretary to John Power, AV coordinator.

Harry Gree, head of our Training in Business and Industry program, moved from MacPherson down to Bloor Campus with his staff.

And finally C.J. Ireton is occupying the principal's office at Bloor Campus.

### MARINE DEPT ENDS

The Board of Governors has decided to discontinue the operation of the Marine Department. The decision was made with regret; economic constraints have, however, made it inevitable. Effective September 1, 1972, the marine Navigation Cadet and Marine Engineering Cadet Programmes will no longer be offered in the College programme of study.

Meeting in Calgary, the council of Ministers of Education of Canada received a report stating universities are too research-oriented. Professors direct much of their time to specialized areas. Students are rarely in a position to benefit from this "Therefore... the majority of students receive a potentially intensive education within an expensive system."

This would reinforce community college faculty's position to the Wright Commission that we are better value than the universities, that community college students come into contact with their instructors, on the average, 1050 hours per year as opposed to only 485 hours in the university—(though this might be a mixed blessing).

Now this matter of contact hours is not confined to contractual time prescribed by the laid down schedule. Contact hours can be a matter of choice and instructors, some more than others, give extra of their time and effort to students and not always is this confined to "class room" subject matter.

Having got this far with skin intact can we take a fresh look and observe that the quality of student organization and related activity has not been impressive. Its usefulness, and its utility is debatable, has been largely confined to the expression of individual egos.

May we suggest a possible solution—abolish student organizations completely and substitute college organizations and activities. Leave the administration right out of it. They are busy enough trying to manage this place and have quit enough to do.

This leaves students and faculty, both by definition adult groups, or supposed to be. Students might have the humility to appreciate the experience and continuity faculty could contribute. Faculty might have the humility to take off their coats, roll up their sleeves, and work alongside students. And both groups might forget about aspirations of the grandeur of office and establish their reputations by their good works. And they can probably count upon consistent support and effort from the unsung workers in the college, the support staff.

Perhaps the starting point might be the establishment of a ways and means committee of students, faculty and support staff to plan and execute the



WELL, YOU SAID SPEED TEST, DIDN'T YOU?

raising of material and financial support—and the satisfactory accounting for same. And perhaps the first project that could be undertaken would be a first class, bang up, George Brown Day that could be a real credit to this college of ours.

#### SUNSHINE TOMORROW

Will there be sunshine tomorrow  
Or perhaps just more grief and sorrow  
So just give me a little hope  
I think it will help me cope  
With the unknowns of the future  
It seems to help to broaden my scope  
Of intelligence and capabilities...  
With no finalities  
Will there be sunshine tomorrow  
Or perhaps just more grief and sorrow.

There, I feel better already  
It helps...  
My hands are steady  
I am trying to lighten unknown  
It feels so good to be stoned  
But when I come down  
It will be the same sorry race  
With the same sad base  
But for now... If I keep this up  
There will never be sunshine tomorrow  
Only more grief and sorrow.

Roger Dinner  
O.B. 34 Casa Loma Campus

## THE MAIL BOX

Dear Sir:

It rained out and ended as a big farse. It was to be expected due to the lack of advertising, bad weather, and being held between pay periods.

Those who did attend are the ones to be congratulated. They truly represent the students of George Brown. Considering that there were three good reasons why they could not attend they managed to get it together and at least prove that some of the students are interested in planned social activities.

As for the rest of you, (student's) you have done it again a big .....boob. You have managed to keep up the old saying of the peers of George Brown "THERE' NO STUDENT APATHY". The only people who are the losers are you the students. Every time we let a social function strike out we only lessen the chances in succeeding in having another.

Remembering George Brown Day at the Island, CasaLoma and others, these events were put on for your benefit and were a disaster because it lacked students who were interested.

Most of you run around the campus saying "We the student's are entitled to..." and you expect to get what you want right then and there. But when you are given the opportunity to enjoy yourselves and support your school you blow it.

Your School needs your support and at the rate you have been going it is no wonder they have been saying to so many of you demands

Yours sincerely,  
Keith Stiles.

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## MUSINGS

Lloyd C. Bowen

Last week on my winter break I thought I'd make use of the C.N. red day bargainfare and go out into the province. Windsor, Sarnia London, Ottawa or wherever for a small cost.

As it turned out a low pressure weather system from the Arctic moved in and smashed that plan so I decided to get it all together constructively in other ways.

I trotted off to see Jostoday at the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts and so get a look at improvised comedy which the Jest Society loves as the high water mark of their company. The result: fair. Instant comedy it seems is funny but the situations which produced it didn't seem to really quite jell. The best attempt was the sketch on the comedian. The resdan idea was like meat at some restaurants in the city. Overdone. Womens Lib was good for a laugh; nothing more. And Gale Garnett who writes for the Toronto Star, was a bit too loud, a shade too enthusiastic to be considered a 'good' comedian. She reminded me of Lucy or Carol Burnett doing their shouting matches. But of course that is the sort of thing that passes for comedy in North America.

I passed up The Godfather (as probably will for some time to come) after noticing the long queues stretching all the way to Dundas Square. I'm told that the price is high—\$3.50 for a late show ticket—and for a movie, however good it might be, that sort of price gives one a second thought. And yet I fear that it's not the MONEY but the principle of the thing. Why pay so much to go to a cinema? It never occurs to me, at least, that I should be asked to pay \$3.50 just to see a flick.

And then there was HORSERACING. Big league—the sort of c'mon that the O.J.C. is using—at Greenwood the downtown track. At this time of the year the race track is a place where in a few fleeting minutes a man could well lose his life savings. It might be wise for those who lack self discipline to stay well away.

## Staff Golf

A Spring Golf Tournament is scheduled at the Willowd Golf & Country Club, Located at Trafalgar, north of Oakville on Saturday May 13, 1972.

Time.....10:00 A.M.  
Buffet.....7:00 - 8:30 P.M.  
Dance.....9:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M.  
Music.....Records (organized for all tastes)

The Golf Committee in co-operation with the Upholstery Department is presenting a Raffle on a Beautiful Chetser-Field Suite.

Funds from this project will be used to support the Annual Spring Golf Tournament, Buffet, Dance as well as our Golf Representatives to the A.C.A.A.T.O. Tournament.

Tickets will go on sale March 6, 1972

Your Golf Committee

#### ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING SUBMISSIONS

Toronto, March 28- This Commission recently concluded a series of public meetings arranged to provide the public with and opportunity to discuss the Commission's Draft Report. Because of the overwhelming response to the Draft Report, the Commission is prepared to receive further written briefs and to continue to meet with individuals and groups as outlined below:

1. The commission will receive and consider requests from interested organizations, up to April 15 for meetings with the Commission. The meetings will be at the discretion of the Commission and



will be arranged only under special circumstances.

2. Meetings agreed to by the Commission will be held during the period April 1 to May 15.

3. Written briefs will be received and considered up to May 30, 1972.

Requests for additional information and meetings with the Commission should be addressed to the Commission's office, Suite 203, 505 University Avenue, Toronto 101.

When I was there Touch the Stars, a betting favorite, felt the starting gate and had to be scratched. All monies wagered on it were refunded. A sort of encouraging gesture.

I caught a couple of decent ones and though I was only betting with "play-play" stakes confirming my expertise was encouraging.

Next I thought that I'd observe human behaviour—and this gives me a great deal of pleasure. I noticed two boys (age 10-12 or thereabouts) spoiling on a subway grill on Yonge Street and wondered why? This sort of behaviour is similar to that that one finds in people who face a large body of water—lake, river, etc.—they tend to throw stones in the water. Why? Some people beat the leaves off trees; others nervously destroy things. Now if you ask them why I'm sure they'd find it difficult to come up with a reasonable and logical type of explanation.

People in elevators tend to head for the vertical walls of the elevator as soon as the door is closed. They don't stand in the centre if they don't have to.

I read Marshall McLuhan's UNDERSTANDING MEDIA. It was the sort of book I was always threatening to read and for some unknown reason I never got around to reading it. Interesting. Intriguing. Fascinating. These are one word summaries of the book but I think any serious student of contemporary society should—at least what McLuhan has to say. Another book I'm interested in reading is Alvin Toffler's Future Shock and as soon as Mrs. Tunney gets around to lending it to me I'll be with it.

Well, I suppose, that is what I meant by getting it all together constructively. There's more to report but for now let's take five.

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#### THE GLOBE

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# "IT'S THE NEXT BEST THING TO BEING THERE"

## Teacher Bell

A school without student time tables and report cards—that is the Bell Plant Training School at 1399 Bathurst St. It is here that the Bell's Plant Department trains its craftsmen who are responsible for the installation and maintenance of the company's telephone equipment. And there is something here for the instructor too: an 8-1 student, instructor ratio!

Alf Miller, the school manager, explained the school is rapidly getting out of traditional lecture methods into individual-programmed instruction where students—full time Bell employees—can progress at their own speed on programmes developed by the Bell itself. In the old way you either lost part of each class or had to slow down to the rate of the slowest learner. Now it is possible for some students to finish early and get back to their "Field" duties which may be a new assignment, perhaps a promotion, as a result of the course. And this would please his supervisor in the field as each day spent in the Plant Training School is a charge against his budget.

An interesting angle turned up—the school does not assign homework, if they did union regulations would require overtime rates at time and a half. However Miller assures us work is done inoff time by students. Contact with students during a tour would confirm this—opinions expressed by the students ranged from at least favorable to decidedly

enthusiastic about their courses.

Emphasis on "hands on training" can the student return to the job and do the work correctly and efficiently. Miller stressed they are not teaching theory. However one student volunteered taking extension courses (in this case at St. Clair College in Windsor) had helped him a great deal on the course he was now taking at the Plant Training School.

The school offers a total of 135 courses ranging from one day's duration to 20 weeks. Instructors are drawn from foremen from the plant department staff who come to the school for a two year term, only after which they would return to regular time (or field) duties. As Miller explained, there was no chance for instructors to get out of touch with the outside world, no chance for demogogy here! And though instructors spent only 65 per cent of their time on instruction during their 2 year term, while instructing particular course they worked a full 40-hour week in a classroom contact situation.

Miller credited present day secondary school students with being more flexible if less well prepared. With community college technician graduates he conceded a lack of precision in his opinion though remarking that industry generally was still hesitant to accept such graduates. On the one hand many of the old hands in industry preferred to take students fresh out of school and train them on the job. Yet he conceded the community colleges in many cases were doing a good job and, in particular, were training people in skills that were unheard of several years ago.

Speaking generally Miller remarked the Bell placed much stress on developments in motivation theory, citing especially Herzberg's two-factor motivation theories, which places emphasis upon, to quote



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT transacts business with customers... advises on service and equipment... prepares equipment orders... collects accounts. Customer's main contact with company.

## Employer Bell

Disgusted, frustrated workers, under educated and doomed to some tedious vocational rut, without future and liable to be phased out of work any time in this technological age—these kind of people we frequently see at the Bloor Campus Counselling Centre. They come from insurance companies, government offices, the CP, the CN to name a few of the big institutional employers. But never from the Bell and a visit to their employment office at 50 Eglinton Ave East provides a clue to this conspicuous exception.

The Bell has always had a reputation of being a good employer. Possibly long ago they appreciated their unique position: employing thousands of people to do relatively simple jobs but the necessity of doing these jobs well and pleasantly as they involved direct contact with the public—their customer. Or

perhaps they are unique only in that they appreciated the virtue of doing this. Would that other major service industries could emulate them. And it is amazing that the Bell has continued to maintain these standards today when the public is becoming resigned to generally poor service.

The Bell's major secret, really no secret to any employer, is to provide motivation. Their policy is to provide a constant stimulation by keeping people on any particular job for no longer than 2 years and making available training opportunities within the company so that employees can progress and grow. The JP and R (job plan review) is a household word by which employees, at regular and frequent intervals, enjoy an assessment with supervisors. The Bell maintains a policy of promotion from within,

obviously their size permits this. Also complete retraining is possible within the company and an employee can initiate transfers—there is no stonewalling. One must be competent at one's present job; there is no transfer of lemons.

However there is a catch to this utopia and this comes with their employment policies, enumerated to me by Diane Doyle, a representative and their Employment Centre.

Firstly, they look for dependability and great stress is placed on your attendance. As she explained: they want you there, there is a job to do. Their rate of absenteeism is 5.7 days per employee per year which speaks for itself. And though they have good employee fringe benefits they do not have the sick leave system practised in education, that overworked absenteeism excuse.

As employees must be able to learn on the job they must have learning ability. It is interesting that the Bell, except in such obvious skills as typing and shorthand, does not employ tests. In fact they have found in their experience, that tests can be misleading, do more harm than good. They do place much stress on school certificates, perhaps inordinately so.

Work experience is of interest to them. As they employ many fresh out of school they will be quite curious about how the summer vacation was spent. And volunteer efforts will be of interest.

Appearance and deportment rate highly. But then their customer may have something to say about the installer who enters their home or office.

Looked for is a spirit of cooperativeness and adaptability, employees are expected to do their share and accept a high level of supervision. Phone operators are frequently monitored and this is apparently accepted with good grace. No blowing your stack at an angry, unreasonable customer; besides the many compliments and courtesies operators receive more than make up for this.

Motivation and attitude though mentioned last, usually are the first traits an applicant will display when interviewed for employment by the Bell—especially if adverse.

All this sounds very old-fashioned but what exactly is the argument against this? Of course the Bell is in an invaluable position with their long established reputation and the scarcity of jobs today. Last year they interviewed 14,800 at the Eglinton office, they hired 1100. And what is there rate? At the Bell they consider 18 months to 2 years a reasonable risk for a probationary period and how many stick it out? We were told 95 per cent stick.

The Bell looks for value for its employment dollar—I suppose just like any other customer—and in addition looks for, no expects, self development in its people.



CONSTRUCTION PEOPLE install all cable systems... for new development... and to interconnect exchanges to provide communications across the country.

Herzberg, "The only way to motivate the employee is to give him challenging work in which he can assume responsibility." The connection becomes obvious when it is remembered that Herzberg worked extensively with Western Electric in the U.S., a part of the Bell System, in the development of his theories.

# A SURVIVAL SPREE

BY JOAN MORRISON

"Somebody know where we're going?" asked the driver, pausing under the picture of George Brown he'd pasted above the windshield of his George Brown College bus.

His passengers, nine first year students and two instructors from Kensington Campus's child carecourse, stared blankly at him.

The students didn't even know what it was all about, except the three-day winter camping spree was called a "survival test."

George Bartley, owner of the hunting lodge cuniloggng camp 35 miles southeast of Huntville, put down his newspaper and went forward to tell the driver their destination. A real estate salesman, he'd have liked to be a child careworker, but courses in care of troubled and emotionally disturbed children only began about 10 years ago. Demand for trained staff is outstripping supply though, as too permissive, too disciplined, or simply uncaring parents provide more juvenile inmates for psychiatric hospitals, training schools, institutions like Thistletown and Warendale, and Children's Aid Society wards.

"An unstructured weekend-things just happen," said Brian Burnie, along with

Reuben Orenstein instructors in charge of the group. They hoped the winter camping experience-breaking through ice on the lake to hug water, chopping wood to keep the fires going, cooking and living in close quarters, would show the students how to co-operate. In fact-everybody co-operated so well that sometimes it seemed nothing would ever get done, with people falling over each other trying to help. But, with lots of laughter, and singing, some shared confidences and the parental attitudes of stronger to weaker members, everybody survived. And looked longingly back, when they left for home.

Flat on their backs in the deep snow, they'd examined a star-bright sky. Searched the slightly slushy lake at midnight for the "White Lady," aghostly phantom looking for the husband who left her to starve to death in a small cabin nearby, while he made merry in town with another damsel. And finally, they'd sung themselves out about 4:30 a.m.

They'd heard birds singing while they ate breakfast, walked in snow slushed woods while dark pines sighed overhead. Seen the bloody trail of a wounded moose shot out of season. And broken all the axe handles in their chopping zeal, fostered one fire and snuggled into sleepingbags until a repair party brought new handles from Dorset, the nearest town. Chopping with a cigarette in his mouth, Pete Robinson had singed his shoulder-length hair.

They'd discussed their values and goals: "To grow, to keep on growing as long as I live," said Chris DeBoer. Compared notes on their problem children, even imitated their behaviors (Students spend three days in unpaid on-the-job training and two in classroom study every week.) They work with alienated, isolated kids who feel that nobody cares. So their first step is to show the kids they care. Then they try to find something the child can do well-art, handicrafts, camping-so he'll have a sense of achievement and security.

Instead of salaries and job security, they talked about how to help the kids learn to relate to other people. How much they get from giving to the youngsters. How keyed up and exhausted they may be at the end of a shift, and the ways they relax-mostly by talking about their work together.

"Group dynamics," Mr. Burnie called it. "We try to show the kids what happens when people get together outside the city. We want them to see the value of co-operation and see how it can draw people closer together. It can change their whole perspective of how people are together."

Also, he hoped the camping trip would show "the aesthetic beauty rather than the monetary beauty. People are too tied up with the trappings."



But the students, still in their teens or early 20's, already know the insecurity of possessing, the satisfaction of giving. Some on stringent incomes, some from separated homes, they've learned hard lessons from life and how they talk of helping, contributing, caring.

The winter camping experience was tried for the first time this year, with three three-day-sessions--in February, March and one to come in April. Next year it will be a required part of the child care course and Mr. Burnie thinks it should be part of every course.

"If George Brown College had a camp and used it, I think it would be more valuable than all the machinery they could buy," he said.





# GOING HOME

BY RICHARD CAMERON

"Damn it McDonald, you were right," Colonel Grey said. "I don't know how London screwed things up so badly. We must send you home on Saturday. That's really all I can do. Fair enough." "Yes sir," Private McDonald nodded in agreement. "You are dismissed" said the colonel curtly. "Thank you sir." With that McDonald saluted smartly and left the room.

Donald McDonald sat in the shadow of Londonderry's Red Lion Pub, the day had suddenly become much brighter. As a medical student he had volunteered his services to the army for the summer. It had been understood by both sides that this service would be carried out in England and not near any shooting. Things had been going great until the unit he was stationed with had been sent to Ireland as the result of increased civil disobedience. Getting to see Colonel Grey had been worse than trying to get an audience with the queen so it seemed; but then he'd never tried to see the queen.

Glancing across the square Donald noticed Nursing Sister O'Hara puffing along under the broiln sun; her abundant figure was followed by a small cloud of dust as she shuffled along. Donald took his canteen, filled it with water from a nearby pump and went over to Sister O'Hara.

"Good day Sister. Here's a drink for you, you look as though you could use it. Where are you headed to?"

"Oh, thank you Donald. May the saints preserve you, you're a good boy." She closed her eyes and took a long drink, her fat jowls hanging over the edge of the canteen.

The Sister gave a deep shuddering sigh, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and returned the canteen to Donald.

"I'm going to see Mrs. Milligan. She's very ill—has pneumonia. There's no one to look after her."

"Do you mind if I come along?" queried Donald squinting down at Sister O'Hara.

"Not at all glad to have your company lad." She glanced up at Donald her eyestwinkling. (If I'd ever had a son I'd want him to be just like Donald she thought to herself sighing an inaudible sigh)

They walked along the cobblestone street, the old nun and the boy who had tried being a soldier.

Donald liked Sister O'Hara very much. Despite her ominous size she was gentle and very kind. Her depth of understanding of the people of Londonderry, both Catholic and Protestant, amazed him. Perhaps her willingness to talk and listen to a British Tommy—him, had made her attractive to him.

"You seem to be happier today Donald. I can tell by your step, it has more spring in it. You don't seem so tense, lad" she said, as her eyes searched his boyish face for an answer.

"I'm going home Saturday, Sister. The old man that looks after us lads while we're away from home says I must go. It'll be great to leave this stinking hellhole. We lost two more of our lads yesterday. That makes ten who have been killed this week."

"We should leave and turn the whole bloody mess back to the Irish and let them work it out. I don't know why the English have got to have their finger in the Irish pie anyway. You can sure tell the Scots aren't running things. One of the chaps who got it the other day was a medic, never hurt a soul, he did. Then some ass from the I.R.A. up and shoots him while he's looking after the wounded. What kind of animals do they have in the I.R.A. anyway? At that Donald kicked an empty beer can with the toe of his boot and sent it skittering down the street.

"It could have been me. I was at the other end of the stretcher."

"I'm sorry Donald, I didn't realize that Danny Smith was a friend of yours. Why are you leaving?"

"You see Sister, I'm really a civilian. During the year I attend a medical school in England. In the summer we have a chance to work in public medicine, with reform institutes and the like. I thought I would try the armed forces. My father had always bragged about how wonderful the army was."

"I was to work in an army hospital near London. Unfortunately they got their wires crossed and I was sent here. But I'm leaving Saturday. Oh, I can almost smell the heather."

"Just look at those buildings, Sister. You can almost see the fear in the buildings themselves as they huddle together in narrow little rows. I've never seen such bad slums neither in London or Edinburgh and I've worked with the people in both areas—they're so incredibly poor."

"Look," said Donald pointing to a large sewer rat lumbering across the street about thirty feet away. In what seemed like one swift movement Donald bent over, picked up a rock the size of a cricket ball and heaved it at the lumbering rodent. The rock slammed into the rat with a sickening thud. The rat squealed in anguish and limped off with a hurried but somewhat undignified limp. That'll teach him to stick his nose out in public, thought Donald.

"He looks funny now, but I've seen what they can do to children who are unfortunate enough to be brought up in the slums."

"What kind of a doctor are you going to be Donald? asked Sister O'Hara puffing to keep up to Donald's long strides.

"A general practitioner, though some of my professors think I'm foolish."

Donald shortened his strides much to Sister O'Hara's relief.

"They think I should become a neurosurgeon in nuclear medicine."

"Are you really that good, Donald? Sister O'Hara asked him in amazed tone.

Donald looked at her for a long moment then said in a very decisive manner said "Yes." He omitted to tell her that at the halfway mark in the medical programme he was in the top five in the United Kingdom.



They were now standing on a small bridge that crossed over into the Bogside area. Someone at one time had apparently tried to set up a small park along the river's edge but had given up. A couple of broken benches lay about. The swings and teeter-totters had rusted into place. Weeds and tall grass vied for the space that apparently was once intended to be a lawn. At the foot of the park stood the charred remains of a cottage.

"Ah what a sad sight, someone had a dream once, what happened Sister?"

"It was a joint protestant catholic effort. It succeeded for a time quite well. Then the I.R.A. stepped up its terror campaign and people became afraid to use it. It was such a lovely place for adults as well as children," replied the Sister with a slight catch in her voice.

They turned and sadly left behind another faded dream.

"I find it remarkable, Sister, that one can hear children all about but never see them. Its as though we're in the centre of an invisible circle that repels them but as soon as we're gone they're here. Why is it Sister?"

Sister O'Hara didn't reply. Instead she studied the cobblestones on the street as though she were lost in thought.

"It's my uniform isn't it Sister?"

"Yes, Donald you're right. The children, especially Catholic children are taught to hate the British soldiers and to avoid them like the plague. It doesn't really work but they try. It's something you have to get used to. Well here we are. I'd ask you inside but Mrs. Milligan might get upset and Lord knows she's in bad enough condition as it is."

"Okay Sister."

The place was an ordinary attached cottage just like all the rest in the area. What little grass there was in the yard clung desperately to the bare earth worn down by the crossing of many small feet. The rest of the yard was littered with sticks, stones and broken glass. By the gate leading into the back yard was a grubby little urchin about six years of age. He was crying.

Donald smiled and bent over.

"What's your name little fellow? Donald asked gently drying his tears.

"Tommy Milligan," Came the reply through great sobs.

"Sir James is hurt" blurted Tommy. Will you help him? he pleaded.

"Yes, by all means" replied Donald somewhat puzzled. "Lead on."

In the back yard on a pile of rags lay Sir James. A beautiful chestnut coloured Irish setter puppy of about two months old. He had a silver of wood in a paw. There was some infection in the wound.

Fortunately Donald still had his medical pouch with him.

"Tommy, I want you to watch closely. First remove the splinter like so. Then I apply the antiseptic to get rid of the infection. The n we put a bandage like so. There you are Sir James, as good as new."

"Cor that's great" stammered Tommy shyly. "Thanks," he said as he held out his hand. "Do you have a dog?"

Donald proceeded to tell about all the pets he had as a boy. They were deep into a discussion of the care and feeding of hedgehogs when Sister O'Hara's voice rang from the kitchen window.

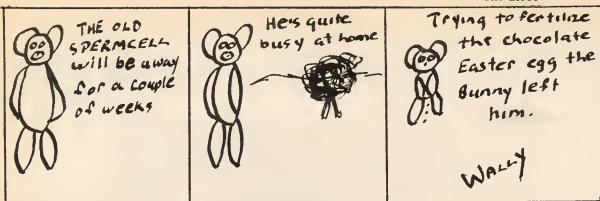
"Donald go catch me a taxi, quick, no time to explain." Donald raced out of the yard into the street. Donald looked up and down the street, not a car in sight. Oh yes, there's one. Donald waved at it. They seem to see him.

The black limousine sped towards him. Fast much too fast it seemed. Then without warning the machine-gun blazed away. Tommy screamed as Donald's body slammed against the cobblestones very, very dead.

Sister O'Hara dashed out of the house. She stopped. There was Tommy kneeling with Donald's head in his lap the tears were streaming from his eyes.

Tommy kept asking, "Why did they kill my friend, Why did they kill my friend?"

But none of the small crowd that had gathered would answer. They just kept staring at the little boy, the dog and the soldier.



## OUT AND ABOUT

by wally



## DRUMS, DANCE & DRAMA

The Afro Caribbean Workshop (formerly Caribbean Theatre Workshop), which has been in the forefront of Black cultural work in Toronto over the past three years is staging the first of two presentations April 14-15 for the 1972 season. It will be held at the West Park Vocational School on the corner of Dundas and Bloor. Feature of the two night presentations will be "Harrowing of Benji," a Roderick Walcott play. The play rings true to aspects of Caribbean life with Bengy a mentally imbalanced man who thinks that he is a "Prophet of the Lord." The

comedy incorporates the intriguing association he has with his wife and his preaching engagements.

Also on the program will be two poetry readings of original works, "Black and Proud" by Paula Simon and "Umbilical" by Ven Thomas, La Petite Musicale, a folk group from Trinidad, who have built a tremendous following in Toronto are expected to appear.

Tickets are \$2 each and can be purchased from Guilford Thomas of the BSU, Teraulay Campus through the Globe Office)

★★★★★

## APRIL FOOL

Although April 1st is far past I have a friend who pulled a classic April Fool which shouldn't go unnoticed.

Six years ago Toronto played Boston (Hockey) at Maple Leaf Gardens on Saturday April 1st. My chum had tickets to this game (blues) but for some reason didn't attend and through the tickets in the drawer. Friday night March 31st he stumbled across these tickets and the next day April 1st Toronto played Boston at the Gardens.

The plot thickens.

We all know about the gardens

★★★★★

## BRUNSWICK JAZZ BENEFIT

As all my know the New Orleans Jazz Festival starts the end of April in New Orleans. This is when the worlds greatest jazz bands get together to show their stuff to the jazz hungry world. What everyone might not know is that Toronto's Downchild Blues Band, Climax Jazz Band, City Stompers, and Camelia Jazz band have been invited to attend.

One cannot realize the cost of such an adventure and so to help finance it Molly and Al Nightingale of The Brunswick Hotel, have offered to help them out. Upstairs at the BRUNSWICK in Alberts Hall on Saturday April

15th it is benefit night for the best in Toronto Jazz. Admission is free and continuous entertainment from 181 will be supplied by the above mentioned four bands. It is strongly recommended that you attend and give the cats the support they merit.

It might be nice if sometime during the coming weeks you trot into the Brunswick for an ale and say thanks to Molly and Al for helping support and promoting jazz in Toronto. It is a good effort and shouldn't go unmentioned. Thanks Molly and Al.

★★★★★

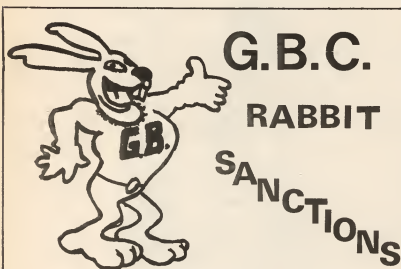
your country (U.S. of A) has done to the world, to go out and make people happy." ... "It's 'Its (the political situation) just got so bad that I couldn't do it any more."

Then on request he brought out his acoustic guitar and sang. I stayed around this ol' town too long"

Glen has what is rarely found in show business personalities—genuine humility. He uses no gimmicks he just stands up when, he sings and communicates. If the audience likes him he was quietly pleased. We came to

realize this communication ability when he sang for us the last song he ever recorded "Loves .. of the heart." The song is written by Rod M. Curn. The song explores the full joys of falling in and out of love.

At the close of his interview he sang "Try To Remember" and those of us there realized his ability to communicate in song. Why does someone with that talent have to be 'used' by the entertainment industry so that he or she becomes dissatisfied. In Mr. Yarborough's case - we all



## THE DUPONT St. AUDITORIUM and--- SADIE HAWKINS DANCING PLACE

A new definition for the word, sports, has been created by the team from the Dupont Street Auditorium and Sadie Hawkins Dancing Place. A beer glass is the only thing that sweats around there. Cheer-leaders are there serving maids, and the rest of the staff are a dubious looking bunch of athletic rejects.

Music runs the gauntlet from the old rock noise, to the top twenty. Food is called Bandit Burgers and other funny names like that. The names don't take away from the quality though, it's scrumptious.

They've got a thing going called the "Crazy Olympics". These games are unique in that effort is kept to the minimum, while free-wheeling fun is

pushed to the maximum. The juvlin throw with a drinking straw, the basketball throw, the tennis ball shot-put, are just a few of the things. All the judging is done by a referee (who is sober once in a while).

This has got to be seen to be believed. The usual prize is a jug of Papa Doc's Famous Cough Medicine. They've also laced on colour TV, Sports movies, Dancing, necking, and a Saturday matinee.

Incidentally, this all happens on Monday nights and your George Brown ID card gets you in free. Davenport and Dupont is where it's at, location wise and other wise. As the commercial says, "TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT."



## MONDAY

IS

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Special Games and Prizes - All judging done by someone of merit(?)



The  
Globe Visits Glen Yarborough - a former "Lime Lighter"

Remember the slim fair haired Glen Yarborough of say 10 years ago? Before we stood a father heavy set balding greying man who told usyes-he was Glen Yarborough. He was quite happy to see "Canadian Press" people. "They're less pushy than American Press."

Mr. Yarborough told us that the reason he decided to "get out of" show business a few years ago because he did not like what he was being forced to influence students to do.

"During the past 15 years I've learned more from students than from anyone else," said Mr. Yarborough. "I've been living in Vancouver recently and I'm building a 46' catch, then I plan to take my wife and two children on a round the world tour. It should take about 5 years." We asked him what then.

"I might come back to Vancouver and live there...like that country...or I might go and teach at a school for under privileged kids which I've supporting for about the past 5 years."

It was to Mr. Yarborough that he had thought quite far ahead. One reporter said that he had not seen a show business personality think that far in advance.

Said Mr. Yarborough, "In show business no one can think that far ahead...One day you're up ...next you're down."

Those of us old enough to remember the '50 settled back as a recording was played for him featuring himself and the other two, lime lighters singing. "There's a meeting here tonight". A slight tear came to his eyes.

He was asked about the other two 'lime lighters'-Alex, Hasaleph-who he said is now an excellent but a not too successful record producer. Not successful apparently because he won't produce poor music well recorded.

Lee Galeph-who as Mr. Yarborough said, is a communal rancher.

Mr. Yarborough told us he was not a trained singer and never wanted to be in show business. It was an accident and he's been trying to get out of it ever since.

"If I must sing," said Mr. Yarborough, "I prefer to sing in live concerts and not for T.V."

On another subject he said "It is very difficult, after seeing what



# Mary, Queen of Scots

Chosen for the  
Royal Film Performance  
1972

Nominated for  
Five Academy Awards

Mary stepped forth from the pages of history to the screen in Hal Wallis' production of *MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS*. British history is exhilarating and intriguing. The life of Mary Stuart is in keeping with this wild trend.

Mary was one of the most ill-fated queens who ever lived, but she is to be admired in many ways. After the Dauphin's death, she had to leave the gay, happy life of the French court and return to dull, barren Scotland. Here, she kept up a constant struggle with the Protestant lords who hated their Catholic queen. Her marriage with her cousin, Darnley was a bitter failure. Her union with Bothwell caused a lasting rupture between her and her people. Her lords forced to sign over the crown to her son, James VI who was brought up in the Protestant faith. After spending nineteen years of imprisonment in England, she was finally beheaded by Elizabeth, her cousin.

Vanessa Redgrave was magnificent in her role as Mary. She was the sweet, pious, tender-hearted queen who quailed before tyranny; who loved all her subjects and was willing to tolerate the Protestant religion even though she herself belonged to the Church of Rome. Perhaps, she was a little over-ambitious in wanting to sit upon the English throne; but, she paid for this mistake with her life. Mary was rather naïve to expect help from her cousin, Elizabeth who had always been hostile to her.

Vanessa Redgrave kept up the image of the Scottish queen. She was truly magnificent as she fenced with Elizabeth in the English words. She left Elizabeth with a flinty repartee that, despite her fate, her son would be king of both England and Scotland. This prophecy is reminiscent of Anne Boleyn's words (in "Anne of a Thousand Days") that her daughter (Elizabeth) will rule England one day.

The execution scene was heavy with sorrow and a trifle over-dramatic. The bright, red dress was incongruous with the mood of the moment; yet, Miss Redgrave gave a delightful performance of courage, dignity, peity and understandable dread. Elizabeth paid Mary the highest compliment as she declared, "If your head had matched your heart, it is I who would have been awaiting death."

Miss Jackson was utterly fantastic in her portrayal of Elizabeth I. Here, she was a true queen, concerned about her country and her seat on the English Throne. She could never forgive Mary for being younger and more beautiful than herself. She never forgot that Mary had designs on the throne of England. Elizabeth had to find a legitimate excuse for imprisoning her rival. There fore, she chose Lord Darnley's murder.

Elizabeth was a clever, scheming, relentless woman. Glenda Jackson portrayed her as such. Yet, at times, Miss Jackson made her seem almost lovable and humorous.

Elizabeth was not exactly the one to cast stones at Mary's affair with Bothwell since she herself enjoyed a delightful liaison with Robert Dudley. Elizabeth was fond of pomp and glory and she was well versed in the art of court intrigue.

Hal Wallis causes Elizabeth to display the warmth which she lacks in history. He shows her genuine reluctance to sign the death warrant and her grief at Mary's execution. In an interview with Mary at Fotheringill Castle, Miss Jackson play the part of an Elizabeth who is obviously suffering in spirit.

The part of Lord Darnley was played by Timothy Dalton. Dalton was brilliant in his role of renegade and drunkard, totally unfit for high office. He was a totally disgusting character and no one was grieved at his horrible death.

Nigel Davenport as James Bothwell was bold, masterful and chivalrous. He made no attempt to hide his love for his queen. No doubt, he married the other out of pique. One wonders what he did with her when he married Mary. His murder of Darnley was bizarre; but, Darnley did not deserve to die in an honourable duel anyway. If Bothwell and Mary had a chance, they would have hit it off together.

The other of the cast included Mary's half-brother, James Stuart (Patrick McGowan), who bore a look of martyrdom throughout the play; David Rizzio (Ian Holm), the Italian musician who was ready to worship the ground upon which Mary walked; Robert Dudley (Daniel Massey) who was ready to do the dame for Elizabeth. John Knox was played by Robert James. The words spoken by this fiery, Presbyterian reformer did not quite hit it off. It is more Christian-like to say "daughter of adultery" than "papist whore". William Cecil (Trevor Howard) was Elizabeth's chief advisor. Yet, he seemed to be in the background throughout the story.

This film "MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS" is in keeping with the historical tone and the vibrant, monarchal style of "Anne of a Thousand Days" which was also produced by Hal Wallis. The photography and the setting provide a picturesque background for this story. Each queen was magnificent in her own way. Both were stately, proud, pitiable and lovable. As they died each other, one could see that while Elizabeth won in worldly wisdom and in diplomatic conspiracy, the other won in spiritual strength and peace of mind.

Finale

Rrana Persaud

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## THE CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH

While sitting amongst a well-packed Uptown I am feeling very much like granny goodwith; it was this reviewers pleasure to watch "THE CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH."

The star-studded cast, including: Bob Dylan, George Harrison, Billy Preston, Eric Clapton, Leon Russell, Ravi Shankar, Ringo Star, Klaus Voorman, Badfinger etc. was preceded with a liberal sprinkling of candid shots featuring the unfortunate refugees from Bangla Desh.

The concert begins with flash shots of the various star backgrounds working their way to the brightly lit and superbly

audioed stagewhere they burst into a raucous ear-splitting, mind-bending musical spectrum.

First on stage appropriately was Ravi Shankar with his sitar accompanied by two other musicians of Indian origin playing a Bangla Desh folk tune. This was followed by George Harrison and the rest of his entourage who entertained for approximately two hours with just about every tune he has recorded in the last couple of years not to mention some that were "waxed" when he was still a Beatle.

This movie was all that it promised to be; a concert. More than that it is a very entertaining concert. Do Ra Me

## Bingo — but is there popcorn?

By OLIVE COLLINS

Do you know what's playing at the Runnymede these days?

It's Bingo. British style, for cash and merchandise prizes, six nights a week.

The sponsors are the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society and the Rehabilitation Foundation for the Disabled.

"There is an urgent need for much increase in funds for medical research," said Ross Morrison, executive director of the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society. "United Appeal cannot meet our demands, we had to find some other way of fund raising."

British style bingo offers bigger prizes, more control over the operation and less chance of missing a number. Closed circuit TV and an illuminated indicator board help the operation with tele-bingo available during intermission.

However, only 20 percent of the proceeds actually serve charity. 60 percent goes in prize money and the other 20 percent in the cost of operations.

The Runnymede joins the east end's Palace Theatre where bingo is sponsored jointly by the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society and the Canadian Mental Health Association.

## ABBEY ROAD PUB

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## TRINITY SQUARE

THE TUESDAY FILM

SHARP IN THE VESTRY

APR. 11 "THE DETACHED AMERICANS"

A FILM ABOUT RACE

WEDNESDAY

5:15 PM ONWARDS IN THE CHURCH

APR. 12 RECREATION 72

ARTS & CRAFTS SUPPER WORKSHOPS & GALLERY

THURSDAY NOON

IN THE CHURCH

APR. 13 JAMES LORIMER

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THE FRIDAY PUB

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# SPORTS

c. debnam



Ryerson outlasts opponents in Floor Hockey Tournament

A talented and tough squad of Ryerson floor hockey players combined efforts to capture the George Brown Annual Invitational Floor Hockey title. Seven teams were entered in the one-day tournament which was held at Ryerson last Saturday, April 8th. The two teams from George Brown were not good enough to pose a serious threat but the no. 1 team finished a respectable third.

The day long affair saw 13 games played in typical "rough" floor hockey fashion. Ryerson's best competition came at the hands of the small but determined Sault. Ste. Marie squad. Earlier in the day Ryerson had beaten Sault Ste. Marie by a convincing 10-3 score. The team from the Sault came all the way back through the losers bracket, however and even beat Ryerson in the first game of the final 6-1. They seemed to run out of steam in the last game and were edged out of the trophy circle by a close 5-4 score.

Congratulations are due to the winners and a good effort was made by the George Brown team who had little or no practice time together before the tournament.

To the editor.

I am taking this opportunity to answer a letter from Mr. Keith Stiles that was printed in a prior issue of the Globe Newspaper approximately two weeks ago and his reference to the lack of student participation in articles that are printed in the said newspaper.

As all persons reading the newspaper are aware the articles that bear my name are strictly within the realm of physical fitness and furthermore I will gladly relinquish this column to anyone who can legitimately write on the subject. I would also suggest that as Mr. Stiles appears to be showing such great concern on the matter of student content that he should be the first to put his pen where his mouth appears to be.

Vincent Drake,  
Athletic Director.



## TENNIS

(free) INSTRUCTION

Register

Mon. April 17

4-5p.m

gym office

21 NASSAU ST.



## Wilson "pockets" Snooker title

Ron Wilson of Kensington Campus faced difficult opposition on his way to winning the Snooker Championship April 6th. The tourney was held at Brock's Billiards with good representation from the campuses.

Most players were of above-average ability and consequently the game was close and interesting to the spectators.

An interesting twist in the tournament was the entry of Kathy Saylor who is the first girl ever to enter this predominantly male contest. She certainly proved she could hold her own, however, and placed a close second to Bill Baux in the consolation round scoring 68 points to his 75. She played well all through the tournament and will hopefully encourage more girls to enter our next snooker match.

The eventual winner, Ron Wilson, scored a convincing final victory over second-place Faust Sabatina of Teraulay with 146 points to 120 points.

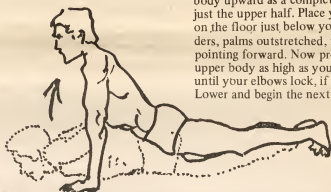
The Athletic Department would like to thank all students who made the contest successful. With your ever increasing interest in these and other events we are sure that future snooker tournaments will be even better. Watch for future posters as we plan on having the next match at the end of May. See you then!

## Fitness.... with V. Drake

In the next four issues I am going to offer you eight exercises designed to help you get in shape and stay that way. These exercises may look tough but you will find that as you practice your strength will increase and the movements will become easier. Above all do not give up. If the movement appears too hard do the best you can and gradually you will master it.

### 1. Upper body dip:

Begin with 10 repetitions and work daily to 40. In this dip it is not necessary to keep the entire body in a straight line. No need to press the body upward as a complete unit... just the upper half. Place your hands on the floor just below your shoulders, palms outstretched, fingers pointing forward. Now press your upper body as high as you can... until your elbows lock, if possible. Lower and begin the next repetition.



1.

### 2. Straddle Jump:

Begin with ten repetitions and work up day by day until you can do 40. Stand straight arms hanging at sides.

Jump your feet outwards to the sides as far as you can and simultaneously and briskly (rhythmically with the movement of the feet) bring your arms smartly upwards overhead until your palms touch. Jump your feet to starting position and lower your arms at the same time.



2.



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## a moderate gesture

Toronto like all other big cities has its good points and its bad. While most of my life being raised in the country, I had never the good fortune to experience the genuine harmony which is ever present when you are merely riding along on the Toronto Transit Commission. For example, where else can you be greeted by such, nice, little old ladies, hurrying excitedly to their morning destinations, with a smile and at the same time they accidentally of course, almost decapitate you with their umbrellas.

One experience I'm sure everyone goes through while waiting to board a bus or subway car is having to stand so close to the next guy, you not even have to ask him which type of mouth wash he uses. "Antiseptic Jungle Mouth 30", is the most widely used brand today. Finally the bus or car arrives and you could almost suspect others of trying to trample you to death. Actually there's just pushing you on so to make sure you can get a seat and won't have to stand like so many others.

If on occasion you decide to give your seat up for some elderly citizen, or even some pretty young thing, you should never be insulted by some funny stares or weird looks others may give you. If anything they are probably feeling little guilty or put out because they didn't offer their seat first.

These examples of every day occurrences on the Toronto Transit Commission, and are but a few of the typical happenings that go on, every day in the metropolises of Toronto.

If people could slow down their maddening, every day paces; try showing courtesy and respect for other individuals which doesn't really hurt that much; smile once in a while, instead of being afraid to say hello to their fellow passengers; life wouldn't be such a hectic rat race which so many people are always leading themselves to believe.

After all you only live once!  
Larry McNeil

## A Short History Of Beermaking

More beer is drunk than any other alcoholic beverage in the world for three main reasons: 1. The climate. 2. The Protestant ethic. 3. It's quicker to make.

Grapes that produce wine need a warm climate to grow, and the fermentation itself needs heat. This heat induces lethargy, the enemy of industriousness.

Beer, however, is made from grains which can be cultivated in a short growing period, and is firm. Beer, however, is made from grains which can be cultivated in a short growing period, and is fermented at only slightly above freezing (40 degrees is the optimum).

This means it is essentially the drink of temperate countries—and that's where most of the world's population is because that's where it's easier to work. And work as everybody knows, is an essential of the Protestant ethic. But all work and no play would have made Temperate Zone Jack a very dull bore. He isn't and hasn't been, partly because of his beer during moments of relaxation. It is a product that, through the centuries, has yielded hundreds of drinking songs and much literature, art and music at a high, but human plane.

Not, started out this way. It was possibly almost as much a staff of life as bread.

Nobody knows the who, when or where of the first brewed product. Historians have traced it back at least 6,000 years. The Babylonians, the early Chinese, the Pharaohs, Caesar's armies all knew it.

But it may have been made long before them. Perhaps by an aboriginal people—even in that land mass which has been reshaped by geology and politics into what we now call Canada. For beer is dependant on barley, a

grain that grows prolifically on Canadian soil.

Wherever it was first made, it is unlikely that it bore much resemblance to today's product—but that could be said, too, of the small ale of Shakespeare's time.

For today's beers and ales, made in the millions of gallons, are as much the result of applied science as their constituents. Plus hygiene.

There, at once, is a great difference between them and those made by a people that may have had their pagan gods but had little cleanliness to put next to them.

Still, by accident or genius, beer was first discovered. Because its fermentation period is a lot shorter than for wine, it wouldn't be long before the next batch was ready. Then the next. Since that day, beer has never looked back.

In medieval England, ale houses popped up between towns as soon as there were rudimentary roads. They were essential because beer was safer to drink, and therefore, far more necessary than water. In winter it was heated (or mulled) by putting a hot poker from the fire into it. In summer it was cooled in cellars. Generally, at this time throughout Europe where wine was not readily available, it was drunk usually with food.

Later of course, it lost this distinction. In Germany it was drunk during evening merriment in summer ardens—hence, the origin of the German beer garden (which now especially in Munich, is often indoors.)

An eventually beer had its rivals at the meal table. There was not only wine coming into the northern countries, but tea and coffee. And eventually water was safe enough to drink—particularly in North America.

So beer was drunk for itself



make a  
jug-a-lug  
make a jug  
jug-a-lug  
WITH A LITTLE  
WATER & SUGAR  
AT THE  
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## Rodmen Strike Over!

Construction at Casa Loma Campus is no longer threatened with the settlement of the 10 week old strike rodmen, members of Local 721 of the Bridge Structural and Ornamental Ironworkers. (Rodmen lay reinforcing steel rods in the wooden frames into which concrete is poured.) The terms of the settlement will bring their rate to a level somewhere between \$8.08 and \$8.58 per hour at a total wage and benefit package.

The rodmen's strike had halted the laying of concrete floors at the Casa Loma site and forced the architects and contractors to make changes and innovations in the construction program. The strike in no way halted progress on the site but it had lasted much longer all work would have eventually come to a halt.

## Notice

Application forms for ONTARIO STUDENT AWARDS PROGRAM 1972-1973 are now available in your registrars' office, complete and return, as soon as possible, to the Student Services Office.

For further information call: 36283971 extension 365 or see Mrs. Marks, student awards officer at 500 MacPherson Ave.

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THE CHINESE STUDENT ASSOCIATION  
of George Brown College of Applied Arts and Technology

## 佐治市朗工藝學院 中國同學會

Due to the general interest in Chinese, Chinese Students Association is now offering an elementary Cantonese course in the Globe. This course has been especially prepared for those who wish to learn Cantonese in a reasonably short time with or without teacher. Lessons in this course comprise simple idiomatic expressions and sentences which are commonly used in everyday conversation. The structure of the lessons enables the student to advance in easy stages, commencing with short sentences and progressing to longer sentences. The phrases and sentences in this course have word-for-word translations, making the Chinese grammar easy to understand. Those who are interested, keep every issue for reference.

### Lesson 1 Numerals 數目字

一	yat	One
二	ĩ	Two
三	Saam	Three
四	Sèi	Four
五	Nĕ	Five
六	Lūk	Six
七	Ts'at	Seven
八	Pàat	Eight
九	Káu	Nine
十	Shāp	Ten
十一	Shāp yat (ten one)	Eleven
十二	Shāp i (ten two)	Twelve
十三	Shāp saam (ten three)	Thirteen
十四	Shāp sèi (ten four)	Fourteen
十五	Shāp nĕ (ten five)	Fifteen
十六	Shāp lūk (ten six)	Sixteen
十七	Shāp ts'at (ten seven)	Seventeen
十八	Shāp pàat (ten eight)	Eighteen
十九	Shāp káu (ten nine)	Nineteen
二十	ĩ shāp (2 tens)	Twenty
二十一	ĩ shāp yat (2 tens 1)	Twenty one
二十二	ĩ shāp i (2 tens 2)	Twenty two
二十三	Saam shāp (3 tens)	Thirty
三十四	Saam shāp saam (3 tens 3)	Thirty three
四十五	Sèi shāp (4 tens)	Forty
四十六	Sèi shāp sèi (4 tens 4)	Forty four
五十七	Nĕ shāp (5 tens)	Fifty
五十八	Nĕ shāp nĕ (5 tens 5)	Fifty five
五十九	Lūk shāp (6 tens)	Sixty
六十	Lūk shāp lūk (6 tens 6)	Sixty six
七十一	Ts'at shāp (7 tens)	Seventy
七十二	Ts'at shāp ts'at (7 tens 7)	Seventy seven
七十三	Pàat shāp (8 tens)	Eighty
七十四	Pàat shāp pàat (8 tens 8)	Eighty eight
七十五	Káu shāp (9 tens)	Ninety
七十六	Káu shāp káu (9 tens 9)	Ninety nine
一百	Yat pàak	One hundred
一千	Yat ts'ín	One thousand
一萬	Yat mǎan (1 ten-thousand)	Ten thousand
一百萬	Yat pàak mǎan	One million (one hundred ten-thousand)
兩	Leung (when only two)	Two, both
零	Ling	Zero, naught

## SO WHAT!

Sometime last November we selected a class representative. It wasn't hard to do; we merely picked a guy who happened to be writing a test at the time, and was too engrossed in his assignment to offer resistance. That was the last I heard of school politics until three weeks ago.

There was, at that time, a movement to stir the students out of their apathy, to set in motion a chain of events that eventually led to a mass meeting in the small cafeteria. No, I didn't attend. My reasons aren't too different from many others—I just wasn't interested. Let someone else do it, whatever it is that needs doing. I'll just complain about the lack of initiative and find fault, isn't that the thing to do?

Lately, there have been other meetings by groups of more dedicated students and I for one congratulate them for their efforts. These are not all the facts, just a filtering of some of the problems or projects that these students are tackling. A day care center, a steering committee to get the students a voice in this institution, (at present the voice of the student isn't even a whisper) these people have also decided to tackle the problem of employment as well as other areas of basic needs. These are students, like you, like me; they'll be leaving soon, too; but they are trying to get things going, not so they will benefit, but so that they will leave the foundation so that others who will follow will not have to start clearing the land, they are working so that the students to come will have it better, if not easier. This didn't start up as an appeal for help, but I feel we, those that could not be bothered, should get up off our rears and support those we selected to represent us. How? Go to the next meeting, let your ideas be heard, and if you're too bashful, tell your class rep, and let her, or she, be your spokesman—that's the purpose of having a class representative.

"Nobody Cares," cries the elderly, and their cry is being echoed throughout the country. These are the people that have laid the foundation for our way of life. They have given us their inventions, all the good things that we take for granted and now, because they have reached that glorified state called "old age", are embittered because we aren't showering them with thanks.

True they left us all the fruits of their labor, but do we not also have their scars? Don't we also have the results of their mistakes; their wars, and their fears? And now are we to respect them and care for them just because they are old? That is like respecting a girl just because she is a virgin, that isn't something she achieved—she was born in that condition. Isn't old age merely the result of passing time, not any real achievement?

Those that have reached 'old age' and were financially successfully get a cut on their income tax, something that would benefit the newlywed more, all get a steady income. That old can travel cheaper. At a time of high unemployment when the working class may have to relocate this "cut" is given to the old, not to those that really need it. The elderly have homes set up for them, the worker has high rent. These benefits for the aged

## TERAULAY ELECTION DAY 1st May 1972

Last Tuesday at the General Students' Meeting, Bill Andrews, President of the Student Council at Teraulay Campus, announced Election Day to be the 1st of May.

NOMINATIONS: Close April 21st, 1972

CAMPAIGN BEGINS April 24th, 1972

ELECTION SPEECHES May 2, 1972 at 3:15 p.m.—small Cafeteria

ELECTION May 8, 1972

ELECTION RESULTS May 9, 1972 3:15 p.m. small Cafeteria

Positions open ALL  
That is, President, 1st Vice president, 2nd vice president, treasurer, and secretary.

The returning officer can be contacted at the SAC office, room 351 between the hours of 3:30 'til 4:00 and 5:30 to 6:00 p.m.. Her name is

LINDA DECOUVER.

So if you think that you can do anything for your fellow student don't be slow, get your nominations in and the best of luck to you all.

Sandy Robinson,  
2nd vice president

The Easter Draw which was held on the 30th of March proved mildly successful showing a profit of \$27.40.  
The draw was made by Mr. E. Dunn.

WINNERS:  
Ed Walsh 2WB 1st  
Serge Beauden A13A 2nd  
Mr. R. Stamp 3rd  
Instructor

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